
Title: NOTES

Author: Erstam

Decade 1: This is a new era for me. This newfound land is marvelous! A great destiny awaits our people and thee, Erstam! So much to learn from this land, I am overcome with joy. So much to learn about its fauna and flora, I must start early in the morning. Tonight sleep is not to be found. I must go out, explore and meet the creatures of the night.

2nd Year of Third

Decade: Last night I decided to explore the catacombs of the city. I left as fast as I went in. This is not for a man of mine age. The place was filled with creatures unknown to me at this point. My mind doth not know how to describe them. The best description I can conjure is to say that they were some sort of monster, half-man half-rat.

4th Decade, 1st Year: I am still amazed at the variety and abundance of wildlife. Thy grip on nature is always fragile at first, Erstam, remember? As often as not, I would run into a monster or an unknown species. I vividly remember, dear reader, the strange cat I encountered tonight. It was eerie. The cat glowed like a spell. I left in great haste fearing for

my life. Such a cat must
have a strange effect
upon us. I wonder what
deranged mind created
such a danger.

5th Decade, Third Year:

Found some ruins not too
far from here. Interesting
discovery of a jawbone
and large fangs. A relic
from an ancient culture?

7th Decade, 4th Year:

Today, I encountered a
strange white-haired
creature from the icy
lands; it seemed to be a
cross between Man and
Beast. Found the clue to
how the Ophidians stepped
from place to place
without traveling through
the space between. The
answer lies in the Void!

2nd Year of the Eighth

Decade: That was the
most frightening time so
far. Dearest reader, thou
wilt not believe me, but
let me assure thee of
the veracity of this tale.

I was wandering in the
forest at the northeast
edge of town, when I
heard this stentorian
noise, this growl. I was
petrified. Directly in
front of me, a terrifying
predator, the beast stood
erect on its feet,
towering well over mine
height. Its huge claws and
sharp teeth sent a chill
down my poor old spine. I
still shiver thinking of it
when writing these words.
The creature lunged for
my backpack, tore it
asunder and devoured all
of the honey jars I had
saved for the outing.

6th Year of Eighth

Decade: Those jealous
mages stole some secrets
and powers from me.
They want the Teeth, I
am certain of it! I shall

have to take up residence
on some isle, where they
cannot find me...

3rd Year of Ninth

Decade: I stood all night
working on a few
formulas. Dawn already.
What a chill bleak
morning. Need to throw
more wood in the fire.

4th Year of Ninth

Decade: Today, icy blew
the winds from beyond
the Frozen Lands. If this
lasts I will have to make
more dried meat. Food is
low. Need more firewood.

6th Year of Ninth

Decade: The day passed
rather rapidly,
uneventfully.

8th Year of the Ninth

Decade: What a beautiful
sunrise! I can almost
taste the salt breeze
from the sea. How
invigorating!